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THE Nation

September 26, 1953

20¢

The Vandals Are Among Us!

by Matthew Josephson

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

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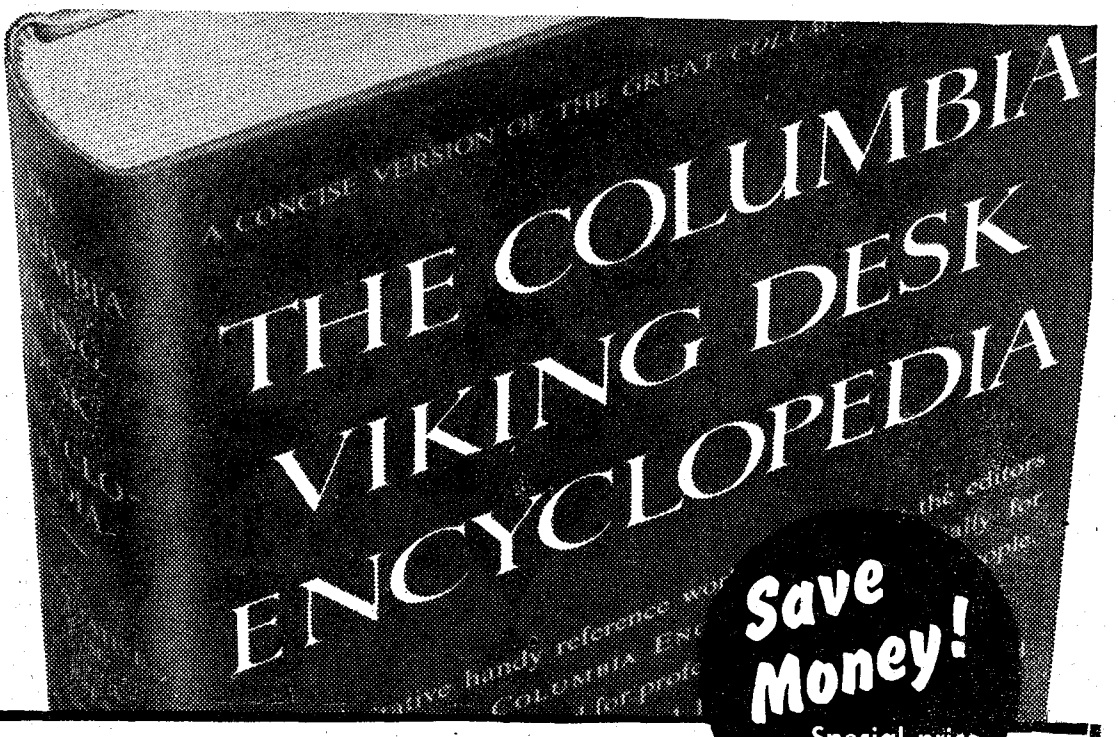

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Volume 177, Number 13
New York, Saturday, September 26, 1953

THE Nation
EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

EDITORIALS

The Shape of Things

Good Riddance

A minority of New York City's Democrats—only about one-fourth of them bothered to vote—displayed political good sense in giving Robert F. Wagner, Jr., a two-to-one margin of victory over Mayor Vincent R. Impellitteri in the September 16 primary. Backed by a strange combination that included Jim Farley, Bernard Baruch, and the New York *Journal-American,* the fantastically incompetent Impellitteri failed to bolster his unlikely candidacy by crass appeals to ethnic egotism and racial chauvinism. Italian American precincts, in which he was supposed to enjoy special favor, were as little impressed by his name and antecedents as any other.

It is reasonably clear, as shown by the small percentage of votes cast, that the Democrats who bothered to vote were more interested in getting Impellitteri out than in putting Wagner in. But the effect, in any case, strengthens the liberal elements in the Democratic Party and improves Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.'s chances of capturing the governorship next year. By backing the City Council president, Rudolph Halley, the Liberal Party increases the chances of the Republican mayoralty nominee, Harold Riegelman; but the winner on November 3 is likely to be Wagner or Halley. With Senator Lehman, Averell Harriman, F. D. R., Jr., and possibly Stevenson and Truman backing Wagner, the loyalty of the rank and file of the Liberal Party to its leadership will be severely taxed.

Mr. Dondero, Aesthete

Representative Dondero, who would appear to be a man of strong opinions on many subjects, in reality has only one opinion on all subjects; anything modern, progressive, non-conformist is to him anathema. What he thinks of modern art is set forth in Matthew Josephson's chilling study in this issue of the vandals who are among us. Dondero also detests the T. V. A., and for the same reason: it is "communistic"; it is "creeping socialism." He wants artists to depict "our smiling and cheerful people"; but he is currently sponsoring a bill in Congress which would jack up power rates to the point where the only available models for his artists would be the private-utility tycoons.

The Donderos of our time are troglodytes in everything—in politics as in art. When such people seek to suppress the freedom of the artist, they are expressing not an aesthetic judgment but a whole *Weltanschauung.*

More Un-American Activities

The House Committee on Un-American Activities has released a transcript of the testimony it took back in July on the political and social activities of a selected group of Protestant clergymen and Jewish religious leaders. More incredible than the testimony itself is the fact that a committee of the American Congress should release a smear of this character based on nothing more substantial than the testimony of three professional informers. In this latest attack the committee went out of its way to defame the memory of two great religious leaders—Rabbi Stephen S. Wise and Rabbi Judah Magnes.

While the slander was roundly denounced by such organizations as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Jewish War Veterans, and the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U. S. A., the big guns of American editorial opinion, with a few exceptions, remained silent. This is hard to understand, for the committee made it clear that the attack on the clergy will be pressed, and this is confirmed from other sources. The following comments from a news broadcast by Gerald W. Johnson on September 6 are pertinent:

> The assault by the American Legion on the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. injects a most unpleasant element into the political situation. The Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Association are two strongly Protestant agencies. Following the attack on the Protestant clergy by McCarthy's man Matthews, this business suggests that somebody is persistently trying to inject the religious issue into American politics. . . .
>
> Talk about un-American activities—what could be more viciously un-American than an effort to stir up religious strife in the very country that has made the most careful effort to separate church and state?

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The Nation, September 26, 1953, Volume 177, No. 13

The Nation is published weekly and is copyrighted 1953, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Advertising and Circulation Representatives for Continental Europe: Publicitas.

Subscription Prices: Domestic—One year $7; Two years $12; Three years $17. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

The Ebey Story

Houston, Texas, is the scene of the latest battle for control of public education. Dr. George W. Ebey, a distinguished educator with a fine record in World War II, formerly assistant superintendent of public schools in Portland, was last year induced to accept a year's contract as deputy superintendent of the Houston schools. On the eve of the appointment a Mrs. W. J. Edwards, in a widely distributed circular, warned against the selection of a "liberal" administrator. In January a second circular from the pen of Mrs. Edwards bore the title, "We've Got Your Number, Dr. Ebey." Then on May 11 an "anti-Communist" lawyer—last year he tried to force the cancelation of a meeting at which Dr. Rufus E. Clement, president of Atlanta University, was scheduled to speak—appeared before the board and demanded an investigation of Dr. Ebey's background. The board retained two former F. B. I. agents to make the investigation and two months later received a 348-page report and a bill for $5,750.

In effect the report exonerated Dr. Ebey of the charge of "disloyalty"; there is no implication that he is or ever was a Communist. But notice was taken of a reference in the reports of the Tenney committee that the California division of the American Veterans' Committee was under "Communist domination" during a period (1946-47) when Dr. Ebey was an officer. In addition, Dr. Ebey had been at Chico State College when the incredible Tenney—vice-presidential nominee of Gerald L. K. Smith's Christian Nationalist Party in 1952—had conducted a three-ring-circus inquiry on "sex education," and he had—a blighting detail this—participated in an intercultural education program sponsored in Portland by the Urban League. This was enough. On July 16 the Houston Board of Education voted four to three against renewing Dr. Ebey's contract.

This is the zaniest of the poison-pen attacks on public education since they began in 1949. No one, for example, has ever been able to find or identify the mysterious "Mrs. W. J. Edwards." Of far greater importance is the fact that a board of education should have enlisted the aid of two private investigators to check upon charges so flimsy as those brought against Dr. Ebey and then have ignored the findings. The report did not question the loyalty of Dr. Ebey. Yet the board acted, and the community reacted, as though this were the issue. Fortunately the case is not closed. Community opinion is deeply aroused and sharply divided, and the National Education Association will undertake an investigation. The residents of Houston may be certain of one thing: Dr. Ebey was not the issue in this case; the issue, as they will learn in due course, was the control of public education. The affair proves again that we live in an age of paranoia in which poison-pen letters can threaten our institutions.

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Blackjack and Stiletto

FOR ALL its sketchiness—given the setting and the occasion it could hardly have been otherwise—Mr. Stevenson's Chicago address was a fine performance. Coupled with his *Newsweek* interview (September 14), it leaves little doubt that the era of "bipartisanship" is coming to an end. In the *Newsweek* interview, for example, Mr. Stevenson pointed out that whereas any number of Republicans had been asked to participate in the conduct of foreign policy under the Truman Administration—Paul Hoffman, John Foster Dulles, Robert Lovett, Walter Gifford—about the only Democrat tapped for service by the President is Jimmy Byrnes, an Eisenhower Dixiecrat. It is the Republicans, therefore, who have scotched the "bipartisan" concept.

Indeed, the whole tenor of Mr. Stevenson's address implied criticism not only of the conduct but of the direction of American policy. The criticism was general because it could not be partisan; the occasion did not permit the speaker to name names or quote the record. But he clearly indicated the areas in which the current Dulles-Rhee-Chiang policy is vulnerable. We have failed, he said, to state our traditional ideals in affirmative terms; the peoples of the world respect "the ideas of the American Revolution" but they note the "contradictions in the current wave of conformity and fear" and are quick to relate these contradictions to our support of colonial powers and discredited dictatorships. Mr. Stevenson would have us quit acting like an international Watch and Ward Society to Suppress Distasteful Ideas and start reaffirming the values in which we have always said we believed.

BUT Mr. Stevenson would have us do more than accent the positive. He wants us to explore, in utter seriousness, the possibilities of negotiation. The issue could not be stated more succinctly: "Is our "objective to discover through negotiation ways to relax tensions, or is it intensification of the 'cold war'? Is it coexistence or is it extermination of Communist power?" *The Nation* stated the issue in almost exactly this same form three years ago (Peace with Russia, Can It Be Negotiated?, our 85th anniversary number, December 16, 1950).

Mr. Stevenson also touched upon one of the most significant aspects of American policy in the period since the death of Stalin when he said that "we should not press alliances upon unwilling allies" and then ventured the prediction that "huge, uncommitted India" was the key to huge, uncommitted areas of Southeast Asia. That he should have said this at a time when Senator Knowland, who always manages to act like an enraged bull in a china shop, was running berserk in Cambodia, underscores the fact that Mr. Stevenson was criticizing official policy and not talking in a void. Of major importance, also, was Mr. Stevenson's emphasis on the paramount necessity of seeking an alternative to the garrison state through "an effective plan of arms limitation." Mr. Dulles echoed somewhat the same sentiment to the General Assembly and used, for a change, the traditional language of diplomacy. But he still sounded pious and insincere; nor did his unctuous phrases square with news of the arrival of six far-ranging B-36's at the Thule airforce base at the northern tip of Greenland—1,700 miles from attractive Soviet targets. Mr. Stevenson, on the other hand, sounded friendly and sincere; he is—and doubtless Nehru would agree—more "mature" than Mr. Dulles.

IT IS only in such passages as the reference to "Communists masquerading as nationalists in the wet, green rice paddies of Indo-China," that Mr. Stevenson continues to arouse apprehension. If it were simply a question of unmasking Communists masquerading as nationalists, one could feel less anxiety about the future control of these wet, green rice paddies. But the reality is a great deal more complex. There are Communists who are quite sincere nationalists and there are nationalists who are quite sincere Communists. To imply that all nationalists are masquerading Communists is to make communism and nationalism virtually synonymous. A sound policy for Southeast Asia cannot be predicated on this assumption.

Happily Mr. Stevenson did not fulfil the predictions of the right-wing columnists who had been saying that Senator Jenner's report on subversion in government would silence him on the issue of "McCarthyism." He hit the issue hard, and what he had to say about it drew the sharpest applause of the evening. Nowadays Mr. Stevenson seems to be getting two kinds of advice about "McCarthyism": one group urges him to meet it head-on, another to avoid it. By and large the Democrats would prefer to avoid the issue; Mr. Truman by-passed it in both his Chicago and his Labor Day address in Detroit. But the rise and fall of demagogues is only partially affected by what their opposition does or fails to do. That McCarthy should have slipped a few points in his Hooper rating during the dull midsummer season should not encourage the Democrats to believe that "the less said about him the better." The Republicans have announced that they intend to "sic" McCarthy on the liberal Democrats in 1954.

As a postscript it should be noted that the Democrats succeeding in conveying an impression of confidence, solvency, and, outwardly at least, of unity; by contrast the Republican show was dull as dishwater. Everyone agreed that the Democrats have in Mr. Truman and Mr. Stevenson a team that can work both sides of the street. Only a Roosevelt could hold the New Deal coalition together; but Messrs. Truman and Stevenson, if they can-

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not placate the Dixiecrats—in our view the party would be stronger without them—are almost ideally equipped to hold the other elements of the old coalition in line. The combination of "the blackjack and the stiletto"—the phrase is John O'Donnell's ("the bludgeon and the rapier" to quote the *Wall Street Journal*)—has great political potency. But the combination is less important than the quality of Mr. Stevenson's personal leadership. Let him heed, then, these words of excellent advice from the Madison *Capital-Times*:

> Because you refused (in 1952) to be anything but yourself and because you talked the same language wherever you were, you inspired greatness in our people at a time when others were seeking to frighten them. This is what millions of Americans—those who voted for you and those who didn't—remember about you. . . . The world has always responded to this kind of leadership and it will respond again. That is why mankind has advanced from the days that it prowled in dark caves, fearful of its neighbors and itself. . . . All you have to do to continue that kind of leadership is to be yourself.

THE VANDALS ARE HERE

Art Is Not for Burning . . *by Matthew Josephson*

Your writers, your artists, and your composers . . are not going to be conformists in any sense, and in my view it is a good thing they are not, too. They are the people that, when they are really good, carry the ball for civilization.—Henry Allan Moe, director of the J. S. Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, at hearings of the House Committee to Investigate Tax-exempt Foundations, Dec. 11, 1952.

THE trouble is that our triumphant Babbitts, in this time of witch-hunting and scapegoats, have at last turned their attention to art and culture. America's poets and artists used to lament that their works were neglected by the hard-headed type of citizen who ran the chambers of commerce and the American Legion posts. Now all this is changed. Amid the delights of waging the cold war at home, Babbitt and his political allies have been discovering books in libraries, pictures in museums, and murals on the walls of public buildings, and have scented heresy on every hand. This new interest in belles-lettres lately reached such a pitch that even Mr. Eisenhower was led to reproach our overzealous culture seekers. But apparently they will not be denied: after studying the movies, radio, comic strips, and twenty-five-cent thrillers, they have begun to move in on art.

While our art schools, museums, galleries, and studios, not being media for mass communication, have so far been spared the kind of policing that has improved the movies and radio beyond all recognition, individual artists have lately been coming under fire. Those who long ago contributed to medical aid for Loyalist Spain or were associated with similar organizations listed by government hindsight as "subversive" have been denounced as unfit to have their works exhibited to the public view or to be awarded prizes in competitions.

In Congress, Representative George A. Dondero, Republican, of Michigan, a lawyer admittedly without training in aesthetic matters, has been carrying on a one-man campaign against modern art, especially against artists who work in the abstract or use effects of distortion—indeed, against all who have advanced beyond mid-nineteenth-century canons of taste. "Modern art is communistic because it is distorted and ugly, because it does not glorify our beautiful country, our cheerful and smiling people"—such is the burden of Mr. Dondero's speeches. He has not suggested that exponents of the new techniques should be placed in the penitentiary, but he has urged that art critics in the newspapers "who glorify vulgar, perverted modern art" be subjected to control. The pages of the *Congressional Record* are spread with the names of hundreds of our leading artists and art critics who he charges are "enemies within," breeding "dissatisfaction" or spreading "sinister ideas," and in his opinion "opposed to our government."

Of course remarkably similar phrases were once uttered by a frustrated Austrian artist and sometime paperhanger who denounced modern painters as "un-German," "degenerate," and "bolshevistic." The Nazi Brown Shirts then made bonfires of some pictures they found offensive and sold abroad those of greater market value. Friends of theirs who were devoted to old-fashioned art took over the jobs of museum curators and art teachers guilty of having a few ideas. Likewise, though out of different social motives, the Bolshevist dictator, Stalin, censured modernism in art and called for the representation of "ideas of patriotism." According to a study made by Alfred H. Barr of the Museum of Modern Art (Is Modern Art Communistic? *New York Times Magazine*, December 14, 1952), a most promising Russian school of modern art was suppressed by official censorship in the 1920's, and its works supplanted by paintings in the manner of Repin.

THE ROOSEVELT Administration launched one of the most enlightened art programs ever attempted by any democratic government—first through the WPA, later under the federal government's Section of Fine Art—and artists who benefited were subjected to a mini-

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, well known as social historian, biographer, and literary critic, has also written on art. Among his books are "The Robber Barons," "Portrait of the Artist as American," and the recently published "Sidney Hillman, Statesman of American Labor."

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mum of official censorship. After the war, under Truman, the State Department paid $50,000 for 117 paintings by contemporary Americans, which it planned to send as a traveling exhibition through Europe and South America. The purpose was to tell the world that ours was a nation not of mere money-grubbers but of free men and lovers of art. At once the Hearst newspapers, certain radio commentators, and some members of Congress assailed this enlightened venture. Most of the artists whose works were to be exhibited belonged to the modern movement that had been developing all over the world in the fifty years since Cézanne. This was scandal enough to cause the dispersal of the collection after one showing in the spring of 1947 and to block any further effort by the government to sponsor international art exchanges. Behind this unhappy incident lay the jealousy of a group of artistically reactionary painters and commercial illustrators, the American Artists' Professional League, whose works had not been included in the State Department's traveling show. Their denunciation of their successful competitors as "subversive" started the cold war in the art world.

SINCE THEN, Representative Dondero of Michigan has made the Menace of Modern Art his favorite theme, and curiously enough he has shown considerable foreknowledge of goings-on in New York art circles, such as recent plans for international artists' gatherings under the auspices of UNESCO. He has "smeared" the Artists' Equity Association, a non-political national guild of 1,400 artists, the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney Museum, and many other groups and institutions as pro-Communist and un-American. Last year one of his bursts of scattershot was directed at the very citadel of traditionalism, the Metropolitan Museum of Art. For in the winter of 1950-51 the Metropolitan had at long last opened its halls to a show of contemporary American painters of *all schools* and in the following year to a similar show of living sculptors.

Again a number of our more backward-looking artists, officers of the National Sculpture Society, went into action and staged a public protest at the showing of so-called "left-wing" sculptors

From a Refregier Panel: The Anti-Chinese Riots of the 1870's

in the Metropolitan and the award of prizes to them. Some retired admirals and doctors added their names to the artists' petition for the rescue of the grand old Metropolitan from a bunch of wicked modernists—in the name of the "sound normal American people." It must be noted that several of the most distinguished members of the National Sculpture Society, namely, Paul Manship and James Earle Fraser (former presidents) and Cecil Howard, strongly opposed this action. It was engineered by such people as Wheeler Williams, Donald de Lue, and Mrs. Katharine Thayer Hobson, who invariably equate communism with modern art. Significantly their charges against the show and their totalitarian vocabulary ("wholesome art" against "subversive art") were echoed immediately afterward in a Dondero speech in Congress.

Recently self-styled patriotic groups have demonstrated against modern art in places as far apart as California, New York, and Indiana. At a city-sponsored art exhibition in Los Angeles, in 1951, the jury's award of second prize to an impressionistic picture of a sailboat bearing an emblem thought to resemble the hammer and sickle was used by the local Philistines as the occasion for a near-riot which was followed by an aldermanic investigation. The offending insigne turned out to be the regular trademark of a purely capitalistic shipbuilding concern, and the Los Angeles chuckleheads were covered with ridicule. They might as well have rioted—as one witness remarked—against the new moon, which when crossed by a wisp of cloud might appear to the idiot's eye to be making Communist propaganda.

MORE OMINOUS are the attacks on Anton Refregier's large mural paintings portraying the history of California in the lobby of the Rincon Annex Post Office in San Francisco. In this instance you can fairly smell the bonfires of the Brown Shirts being ignited in America. Criticism of the murals has been voiced for several years; ever since they were unveiled in 1949. It reached a climax on March 5 of this year, a few weeks after the Republicans took control of Congress, when Representative Hubert Scudder, Republican, of Sebastopol, California, introduced a resolution calling on the federal government to remove all the twenty-nine Refregier murals from the walls of the post office. As grounds for this unprecedented action Mr. Scudder asserted that the murals were "artistically offensive and historically inaccurate; and . . . cast a derogatory and improper reflection on the character of the pioneers and history of the great

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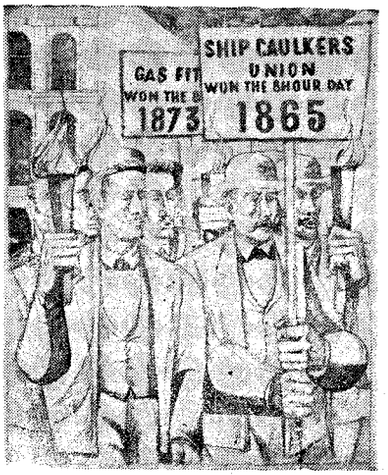

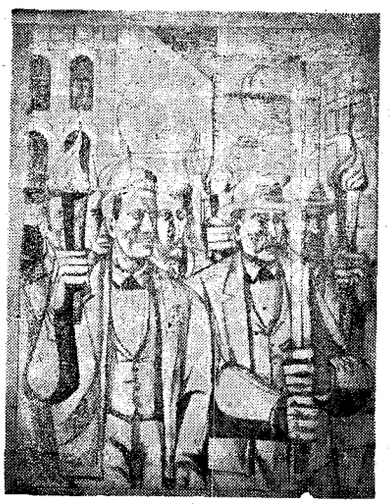

CENSORED

Detail from the Refregier panel on the San Francisco general strike of 1932. The upper photograph is of the artist's original cartoon as first approved by the federal authorities. Later the authorities ordered the posters painted out. The lower photograph shows the detail as it now appears in the Rincon post office.

State of California." In support of these charges he cited the opinion of such art scholars as the Associated Farmers, the D. A. R., the American Legion, the Native Sons of the Golden West, and the Society of Western Artists—the last being a group made up largely of commercial illustrators. Refregier's murals are painted directly on the walls in casein tempera. Their "removal," according to experts in such matters, would mean their destruction.

Refregier won the commission for the Rincon Post Office murals in 1940 in a nation-wide competition conducted by the federal Section of Fine Art, in which eighty-two artists submitted sketches and plans. Execution of the murals, which extend for 240 feet around the lobby of the big post office, took five years and brought the artist a fee of $26,000, the largest ever paid by the government for such work. Refregier is widely esteemed as one of the ablest and most resourceful of contemporary American artists, and his studies of California are considered by an informed art public to approach in dynamic effect the work of the great Mexican muralist, Orozco; they are "some of the finest, if not *the* finest murals anywhere in the United States," Dr. Ernest Mundt, director of the California School of Fine Arts, has testified.

Half-French, half-Russian, Refregier was born in Moscow in 1905, brought to France by his parents when he was fifteen, and then, several years later, to America. He studied at the Rhode Island School of Design and also in Germany and France. By the time he began to work at his craft in New York the great depression was upon us. It is difficult in these days of armed prosperity to convey the mood of desperation in which artists young and old struggled to exist by purveying their "luxury product" during the years when millions of practical workers were idle and hungry. Like others, Refregier was aided by the WPA art program, which allotted him $23 a week. In the climate of opinion of the late 1930's it was natural for him to become "socially conscious"—pro-New Deal and pro-labor. Many great artists of the past have glorified absolute monarchs or painted in the service of the church. Others, like Goya, Daumier, Courbet, and Picasso, have been on the side of the popular revolutions of their time. Refregier absorbed the new disciplines of the "abstract" and "primitive" schools, but his direction has been toward an art imbued with social criticism and protest. And like most American artists he has desired to stress democratic and human values rather than the acquisitive virtues. He has long specialized in the "public art" of the mural, for he has a flair for historical research, also much humor and the spirit of irony characteristic of the artist with a social conscience. When he won the award for the San Francisco murals, he was already nationally known for his wall paintings in hospitals, business buildings, steamship salons, and hotels.

Work on the California pictures was begun in 1941 but was interrupted by World War II. In 1946 Refregier stationed himself on a scaffold in the lobby of the Rincon Annex Post Office and painted steadily for two years, in full view of the public. A man of verve, he greatly enjoyed exchanges, as he worked, with his "sidewalk superintendents," some of whom came to jeer, while others offered suggestions—about such events as the San Francisco earthquake—that he was able to put to good use.

He was enthralled by the story of California, surely the most fabulous of all our states, its brief history a telescoped dramatic parable of America's destiny. His pictures show the century of pastoral slumber under the Spanish missions; then the gold rush, the vigilantes, and the flood of settlers; the coming of the railroads, the rise of large-scale farming, the great labor and race conflicts. It is a world of beauty and violence, of man as builder and destroyer. In the earlier panels are scenes touched with a tender humor (Pioneers Receiving Mail); the artist has caught the sadness of the pioneers as well as their bold achievements. One is penetrated with a sense of the stormy past and feels how the artist has related this clearly to the present. "A mural painting must have something to say," Refregier points out. He has skilfully adapted the techniques of the modern school to the uses of history. Our tastes may change; painters may now be retreating from "naturalism" toward the abstract or symbolic. But these emotionally charged, emphatically colored murals, so dynamic in composition, surely represent a high point in the pre-war movement toward an art of "social content."

PATRIOTIC Mrs. Grundys have found but three or four of the twenty-nine panels tendentious or controversial: the anti-Chinese riots of the 1870's, the Mooney case, the San Francisco waterfront strike of 1934, and a United Nations panel. Some complained that the mission priests were too fat, the pioneers too thin. From my own readings in Californiana I judge Refregier to have been tactful enough and to have shown respect for his subject. Did not the historian H. H. Bancroft tell us of the long years of California's "moral, political, and financial night" after 1849? Refregier might have included the pitiless railroad baron, Huntington, or the settlers' fight against the land-grabbers, as

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described in "The Octopus" by Frank Norris. But one who works in the field of "public art" must adjust himself to the conditions of the building, the feelings of its architect, and the views of his employer—in this case, the federal government. So Refregier "slenderized" his pot-bellied priest, regretting the loss of an amusing detail. Veterans' groups protested at the presence of a man with a V. F. W. cap among the 1934 strikers —as in newspaper photographs—and this too was painted out. A plan to incorporate a gigantic head of President Roosevelt in the final panel on the founding of the U. N. was also dropped very reluctantly at the demand of the federal authorities. In the end, after ninety-one conferences or inspections, everything was approved by the government's Commissioner of Fine Arts and the work was paid for as agreed.

Nevertheless, after the unveiling of the completed murals San Francisco's legionnaires became vocal. And on January 18, 1949, Representative Richard Nixon wrote to an officer of a San Francisco American Legion post a letter on the subject of "objectionable art" in public buildings. (He tried to keep this letter out of the newspapers, but it was cited in *The Nation* for January 10, 1953.) In it he said: "At such time as we may have a change in the Administration . . . I believe a committee of Congress should make a thorough investigation of this type of art with a view to obtaining removal of all that is . . . inconsistent with American ideals and principles."

WHAT WAS objected to, as Refregier himself remarked at the time, was that he had pictured a few unhappy passages of California history without resort to the "big historical lie." His typical critics, he said, would have liked him to paint his pioneers "dressed in the Hollywood fashion, shaven and manicured," and guided by a "spirit" of something or other, perhaps oil or grapes. "Had I painted the murals when I won the competition, in the calmer days of the Roosevelt Administration, there would have been much less fuss, and the only question would have been—did I, as an artist, perform the job well?"

But the change has come. Mr. Nixon's party is in the saddle, and Mr. Dondero is now chairman of the House Committee on Public Works. The intellectual-moral achievements of the Roosevelt-Truman era are now to be liquidated; its paintings along with its social plans are to be consigned to the rubbish heap. The "inquisition" of New Deal artists and their works was begun promptly after the conservatives took over in 1953, with Anton Refregier as first defendant. After Scudder's resolution was introduced in Congress, hearings before a subcommittee of the Committee on Public Works were held on May 1.

Most people in the American art world were filled with shame by the news that the Refregier murals were to be put on trial and perhaps destroyed at the will of a group of self-styled patriots. What many had long feared was happening: the Vandals had come to sack our treasures of art. When a book is burned, thousands of copies are left. But destroy a great painting and its likeness may never be seen again. This time a vigorous defense action was quickly prepared by Artists' Equity in conjunction with the country's leading art associations and museum directors. In cosmopolitan San Francisco decent people were fully aroused to the danger. With Dr. Grace M. Morley, director of the San Francisco Museum of Art, as informal secretary, a Citizens' Committee to Protect the Rincon Annex Murals was formed and support for it obtained from the city's three art museums, its wealthy art collectors, its business and professional leaders, and the daily *Chronicle*. Representing the committee, Thomas C. Howe and Chauncey McKeever went to Washington to plead for the preservation of Refregier's murals at the hearings. A representative of the American Federation of Arts, in behalf of 390 museums and college art departments, also appeared for the defense. John Hay Whitney, on behalf of the Museum of Modern Art, wired his protest at the proposed "act of vandalism," which would dishonor the nation. The London *Times* voiced its disgust at this latest atrocity of the American heresy hunters.

REPRESENTATIVE SCUDDER, however, reiterated his condemnation of the artist's distorted figures, "cadaverous, soulless pioneers," and "sadistic" scenes of riots, earthquakes, and strikes. Why were there not more such "beautiful things as wine, cattle, and grape-growing?" asked the Congressman from wine-raising Sonoma County. Against him the testimony of experts in California's history was calmly presented to show that Mr. Refregier, in his studies of the padres and pioneers, had reproduced with great accuracy the impressions of old engravings and early photographs; Professor George R. Stewart, California historian and novelist, declared that he had been "remarkably sensitive in his feeling for early American physical types." The Democratic Representative from San Francisco, John Shelley, commenting on scenes of mob violence, said, "It's history and you can't change it." As a Roman Catholic he found nothing offensive or anti-clerical in the murals.

Scudder and the American Legion delegation objected to the picture of a Russian representative as one of the founders of the U. N., to a Soviet flag placed among the others, and even to a man wearing a red necktie! Refregier's past membership in various organizations listed by the Attorney General as "subversive" was also cited as cause for the "removal" of his wall paintings. Above all, Refregier's accusers insisted that he had used "subtle ridicule" in painting the U. S. representative at the

From a Refregier Panel: The Tom Mooney Story

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United Nations as if he had an ass's ears extending from both sides of his head. These objects, green in color, proved to be canopies of laurel hung between the square columns of the U. N. rostrum at San Francisco, as originally designed by Jo Mielziner and sketched at the time, 1945, for *Fortune* Magazine, by Refregier, its artist correspondent.

To all such charges Representative W. S. Mailliard, Republican, of San Francisco, answered that Congress should not be moved to drastic action in this case by the opinions or prejudices of special groups having no competence in matters of art; though some might not approve of Mr. Refregier's ideas, authorities in the field had testified to the artistic value and historical truth of his murals, which should be treated as a public trust; in any case, he urged, we must not turn this country into a state like Communist Russia, where artists are not allowed to function unless they conform to the views of the ruling party.

The enemies of art were plainly taken aback by the stout defense they encountered; their ignorance and folly had been laid bare. Moreover, the subcommittee's chairman, J. C. Auchincloss, of New Jersey, conducted the hearings with great fairness. The "Vandal resolution" is being studied, and while it may be reported favorably by Mr. Dondero's larger committee, its passage through both houses of Congress may take longer than its advocates reckoned. But liberals of the art world will need to be alert and energetic if they would not have our painting and sculpture degraded to the level of calendar art.

Are we to conceal our beliefs of yesterday, "rewrite" history, curtain the paintings of another decade—as the New School for Social Research has done with its Orozco murals—because one political party rather than the other squeaked through at the polls? Against such counsels of intellectual and moral panic, the "trial" of Refregier's pictures has brought forth courageous answering voices, as in the statement by Dr. Ernest Mundt to Mr. Scudder: "If the spirit of these murals runs counter to the tastes of some individuals at this particular moment of history, please do not forget that the great art of all ages soon stands above the issues of the day. Neither you nor I would have wanted some authority in the past to have removed the frescoes of Michelangelo or the murals of Giotto because they disagreed with some aspect of them. The world of the human spirit and its artistic record would have become unforgivably poorer."

Our Babbitts who have come blundering into the art world are trying to turn back the whole current of art, which for fifty years has been flowing toward new areas of knowledge and expression. Our conservative artists know well that the modernists, so-called, including Refregier, would be censured and suppressed in Communist Russia as "bourgeois." Why, then, do they extol a Dondero for uttering his characteristic nonsense about the new art movements? In art circles it is a matter of common knowledge that Dondero has been supplied by a few more or less anonymous artists with information intended to injure the faction they are opposed to.

IN THEIR hard struggle for survival artists depend a good deal upon the periodic award of prizes and teaching appointments to supplement the money they receive from the sale of their pictures. Of late the academic fellows have definitely been losing favor with the growing art public in America. A few of the more embittered and frustrated ones have attributed their misfortunes to "subversive plots" or "sinister" influences. Artists have fought among themselves over aesthetic theory for centuries, but never before has one faction exploited public hysteria and the ambitions of demagogues to destroy its professional opponents.

A clue to the mentality of these retrograde artists is given in an article on them by Alfred Frankenstein in the San Francisco *Chronicle* of March 23, 1952. The so-called Society of Western Artists, it will be remembered, alone among such organizations, gave support to the Scudder resolution. Its leading spirit is said to be John Garth, a mural painter who has declared that many years ago he witnessed the hatching of a conspiracy to capture the American public by a group of alleged "subversive" painters. (Have not artists conspired in every cafe of Paris and New York to "conquer the world"?) Their object, Mr. Garth insists, was to "confuse" and "corrupt" in order to prepare the way for revolution. That the Nazis and the Kremlin have held the same hostile view of artistic experiment only shows, according to Mr. Garth, that they were "wise" and that their methods of repression were "nationally strengthening." The former masters of Germany were "social experts," in his view, and the effort to combat a "disintegrating ideology in every social structure is right." Here we meet again the totalitarian program for the state control of a people's culture. Nor is there any doubt that it has begun to attract certain political personages in Washington. We seem to be losing many freedoms nowadays. Will our artists lose the freedom to paint as they please?

The Meaning of Freedom in Art

Freedom of expression, freedom from want and fear, these are desirable for the artist. But why should the artist's freedom particularly concern the rest of us? Because the artist gives us pleasure or tells us the truth? Yes, but more than this: his freedom as we find it expressed in his work of art is a symbol, an embodiment of the freedom which we all want but which we can never really find in everyday life with its schedules, regulations, and compromises. Of course we can ourselves take up painting or some other art as amateurs and so increase our sense of personal freedom; but even in a nation of amateur artists there would still be a need for the artist who makes freedom of expression his profession. For art cannot be done well with the left hand: it is the hardest kind of work, consuming all a man's strength, partly for the very reason that it is done in greater freedom than other kinds of work.

For the arts thrive, to repeat President Roosevelt's phrase, where men are free "to be in charge of the discipline of their own energies and ardors." The greater the artist's freedom the greater must be his self-discipline. Only through the most severe self-discipline can he approach that excellence for which all good artists strive. And in approaching that goal he makes of his work of art a symbol not only of truth and freedom but also of perfection. —*From "What Is Modern Painting?" by Alfred H. Barr, Jr., published by the Museum of Modern Art.*

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J. Alvarez del Vayo

The Dollar and the Cross

Paris

ON AUGUST 27 in the office of the Papal Secretary of State, Franco's Foreign Minister, Martín Artajo, and the Vatican's Deputy Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Monsignor Tardini, affixed their signatures to a new concordat between Spain and the Holy See. This concordat was represented as a model document defining the relations of the church with a Catholic country and was hailed by the Spanish press as one of the great triumphs of the regime. Before the republic was set up in Spain it was the king's prerogative to name new bishops, and the church was constrained to approve his choice. The new concordat bestowed this ancient privilege of the crown, in essence, on Franco.

As another concession to the Dictator the concordat laid down that Spanish priests must offer daily prayers for Spain and for the chief of state, Francisco Franco, in conformity with liturgical prescriptions. But Franco's greatest triumph was that he actually got the agreement concluded. For a long time the Pope had hesitated to sign it, knowing that the regime was opposed by a large group of good Catholics in Spain, including the Basques, who are still loyal to the republic. When he finally yielded, Franco had reason to feel pleased.

This was only the first dish of a rich repast being set these days before the Spanish dictator. On September 25—or so it is expected in Madrid—United States Ambassador Dunn will sign a bilateral treaty giving Spain hundreds of millions of dollars in exchange for air and naval bases. Many Spaniards, and not only Republicans, think the United States will profit very little from this deal; they say that a people which for three years fought so desperately for its freedom will not calmly take orders from foreigners

Franco hopes that the agreement will include a promise of ultimate membership in NATO. To strengthen his bargaining position, according to an excellent source within Spain, he plans to press the issue of French unilateral action in Morocco, France being obligated by a 1912 treaty to consult Spain on Moroccan measures. But he is prepared to drop this claim if the Quai d'Orsay will cease to oppose Spain's inclusion in NATO. This maneuver was decided on, I am told, at a Cabinet meeting that followed a long conversation between Franco and Ambassador Dunn.

The Spanish people will not forget that Franco received aid from both the Vatican and America just as his difficulties were multiplying. I do not mean simply his economic difficulties—the poverty in Spain is an old story. I mean the political unrest caused by the uncertainty about his successor. It is not a matter of Franco's health; rumors about his supposed illnesses circulate regularly, but he looks well and strong. It is rather that the question of the succession appears still open, and Spanish conservatives are worried.

THE PROSPECT of another struggle for power is reviving old differences and rivalries within the regime. The friction between the "classic right" and the Falange is growing sharper. Even during the civil war the original members of the Falange, dreaming of their own "revolution," of a dynamic and aggressive Spain brought into being by a new kind of government, a mixture of Italian Fascism and German Nazism, found themselves in open conflict with the old oligarchy. The great landed proprietors and rich industrialists had no sympathy with the Falangist demagogues. Some of them felt their interests so threatened that they approached the Republican leaders—and paid for their lack of loyalty to the Caudillo by losing their high posts in his entourage. Among those who were quietly "purged" were Hedilla, Ciménez Arnau, and the sister of the founder of the Falange, Pilar Primo de Rivera.

Today the Falange watches with suspicion and resentment as the ruling classes plot among themselves to assure the peaceful transition to a new regime when Franco passes from the scene. Some of the conservatives would even like to hasten his passing, believing that he has accomplished his mission and should be retired with appropriate honors. The bankers, manufacturers, and landowners are resolved to instal a government which will consolidate their victory over the people, perpetuate their privileges, and keep a tight check on the Falange's adventurous spirit. It is amusing to note that some sections of the Falange, particularly the younger members, have suddenly become interested in Marxism. Their opposition to the intrenched oligarchy makes them seem on the side of the workers, which may have influenced Franco to issue his recent statements about the necessity of raising the people's standard of living. Imitating Perón's "paternalism," Franco has been making rhetorical promises to labor with the complicity of certain ambitious and subservient union leaders, but the miserably low wage scales have remained unchanged.

Just when a serious internal crisis seemed inevitable—even part of the army was becoming restive—the United States and the Vatican came to the Dictator's rescue. Reaction has everywhere reaped the advantage of the community of interests between the Catholic church and the great Protestant republic. Having yielded so often to Catholic pressure at home, Americans will scarcely object to financing a dictatorship in Spain which persecutes Protestants, bars them from their churches, and casts their ministers into prison. Harmony between the rival faiths has been established by the common goal of exterminating communism. This purpose dominates all Western political strategy. Anyone who offers a sword for the crusade, although it may be a sword stained with Christian blood, will receive the twofold protection of the dollar and the cross.

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ATOM AND AUTOMATION

Retooling for the New Era . . . *by John Diebold*

IT WAS the military requirements of World War II that produced the technology of "automation," just as they provided the impetus for the war-time research on atomic energy. Used in peaceful pursuits, atomic energy will supplement coal and oil as a source of power. "Automation" will have a decisive effect on the way that power is used.

Effective industrial use of these war-time developments has only begun. The time interval between basic scientific innovation and widespread industrial use of both "automation" and atomic energy has proved much longer than the enthusiasts at first expected. In some industries, however, and in the plants of truly farsighted companies "automation" is already under way, and faster progress is certain in the next decade.

Paradoxically, the spectacular performance of the automatic controls that are the heart of "automation" has diverted attention from the problem of their application to industry. It is a mistake to think of the new technology as providing gadgets which when attached to present machines and processes allow automatic operation. Trying to apply electronic controls to industrial processes as they exist today is in most cases rather like trying to fit them to a horse and buggy. To some extent economically meaningful results can be obtained, but they do not represent the optimum use of what is essentially a new principle.

Although automatic control mechanisms are necessary for the achievement of fully automatic factories they are not sufficient in themselves, and the full promise of the new technology cannot be realized as long as we think solely in terms of control. The redesigning of products and processes, the analysis of processes in terms of function rather than of the steps now being performed, the rethinking of the entire operation—all these infinitely difficult tasks must be performed before business can in any real way begin to take advantage of the Aladdin's lamp which technology holds forth. It is unfortunate that discussion of automatic industrial processes has revolved chiefly about control devices and systems, and that when other problems have been mentioned it has been in an aside.

MANY PROCESSES in their present form do not lend themselves to automatic production. There is a vast difference between applying controls to a process and having a process that is fully automatic. Automatic controls, for example, are used in all stages of the manufacture of steel, but the basic technology of steel production, with the exception of continuous casting, is such that it is economically impossible to make it wholly automatic.

The processing industries, from oil refining and chemical manufacture to the production of fissionable materials, show how the redesign of production methods can lead to automatic manufacture. Only fifty years ago both oil-refining and chemical manufacturing were batch processes. Today instruments monitor a continuous flow of raw materials through automatic equipment, and the finished product flows from the plant in an uninterrupted stream—the entire process being automatic. The manufacturer of discrete units has a different problem, but he can well take a lesson in the usefulness of redesign from the experience of the processing industries.

Redesign of the process can go only so far. Often the product too must be redesigned before "automation" is economically possible. Product redesign, for the purpose of automatic production, can be as simple as casting one or two reference points—small holes or tiny protruding jots of metal—on a part. For example, casting a small glass nipple on the side of a bottle or jar permits automatic printing on the glass in two or more colors. Before this was done it was necessary to hand position the container under the printing screen.

On the other hand, basic redesign of an entire product may be involved. The manufacture of radio circuits, which usually depends upon a large proportion of hand assembly, was put on an entirely automatic basis in England by John Sargrove's new design for them. By thinking of radio circuits in terms of their functions rather than in terms of the circuit elements as they physically exist, Sargrove was able to make a radio set of molded plastic plates on which a conducting material had been sprayed and from certain portions of which the conductor had been machined, thus providing insulation between the conducting elements. The entire operation of spraying and machining the plates as designed by Sargrove can be performed automatically on a machine composed of a number of fabricating units that can be interchanged or altered as changes are made in the design.

SARGROVE'S development of an automatic machine that is capable of being altered as the design of the product is altered is an excellent example of the *flexibility* that machines must be given if automatic production is to be feasible for more than a small area of the economy. At present most automatic production is carried on by single-purpose machines. In the cases where such machines are necessary, the new technology can do much to improve their design, particularly by replacing elaborate mechanical controls with electronic circuits. However, future automatic production should not be conceived of in terms of single-purpose or single-product machines such as are used, for example, in the automotive industry. These ma-

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JOHN DIEBOLD is the author of "Automation—the Advent of the Automatic Factory." This is the second of three articles in which he discusses the scientific bases and social implications of "automation," which appears to be introducing a new industrial revolution.

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chines are only suitable for long runs of an unvarying product. As soon as there is more than a minor change in the product, the machine becomes obsolete or requires rebuilding. If we were to forgo variations in style and improvements in product, single-purpose automatic machines could be more widely used; but we will not do that.

Before "automation" can be adopted in a large area of the economy it will be necessary to develop machines that are flexible enough to be used in the manufacture of a number of different products. Such flexibility is not so distant as might appear. To some extent it has been achieved in the form of the semi-automatic production machines—the chucking and screw machines—of modern industry. In so far as they are designed to fulfil a group of related functions rather than to turn out a specific product, these machines point in the right direction. What they lack essentially is the ability to load and unload workpieces automatically and to transfer product units from one machine to another. But the rudiments of equipment for performing even these functions are already found in some plants. If we can overcome the tendency to be satisfied with the large, fully automatic—and soon obsolete—machines of today and look to the less spectacular innovations in flexible material-handling equipment, we shall see guideposts to the fruitful industrial use of the scientific inventions of the last decade.

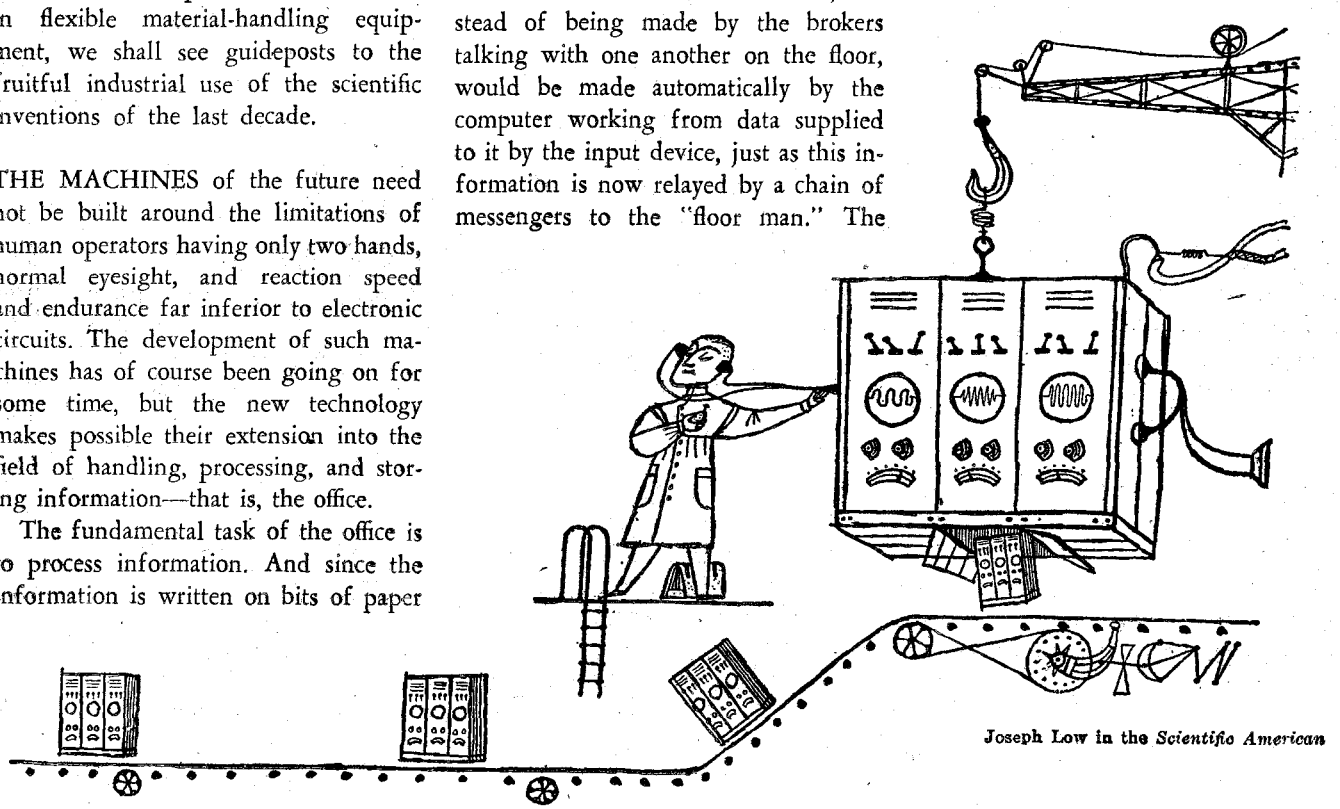
THE MACHINES of the future need not be built around the limitations of human operators having only two hands, normal eyesight, and reaction speed and endurance far inferior to electronic circuits. The development of such machines has of course been going on for some time, but the new technology makes possible their extension into the field of handling, processing, and storing information—that is, the office.

The fundamental task of the office is to process information. And since the information is written on bits of paper we usually assume that the problem of mechanizing the office is the problem of handling paper automatically. Such thinking can cause the neglect of truly fruitful applications of "automation." For example, a suitable but little discussed area for its introduction is the New York Stock Exchange, one of the most antiquated of all our businesses. The floor of the Exchange today presents the same picture as did the marketplace of ancient times. It is an anachronism on the American industrial scene. Efforts have been made to mechanize its operations, but the new technology has been used in only a peripheral manner, skirting the central problem. "Automation" has been employed successfully in the rapid price-quotation equipment provided by the Teleregister Corporation, and the magnetic-drum memory device that Teleregister has built for the Toronto Stock Exchange to give bid and asked prices automatically may be adopted. But the basic function of the Exchange is to act as a clearing-house for information, and nothing is better suited to this task than the high-speed digital computer.

The most economical course would be to instal on the floor of the Exchange a computing machine connected with input-output devices in the offices of member firms. Stock transactions, instead of being made by the brokers talking with one another on the floor, would be made automatically by the computer working from data supplied to it by the input device, just as this information is now relayed by a chain of messengers to the "floor man." The ticker-tape and bid-and-asked service could go on as they do today. The only change from the standpoint of the customer would be increased speed in execution of orders and, possibly, lower brokerage commissions due to reduced operating costs.

Such mechanization need not wait for further advances in technology. Any one of two dozen companies could build the equipment in a year. In another year the computer would pay for itself. But it is unlikely that a computer will in fact replace the Exchange floor in the near future—not because the New York Stock Exchange is a backward organization but because two entirely different groups of people are involved, scientists and financiers, neither of which is particularly aware of the other's problems.

The Stock Exchange is not an entirely typical example of a business which could be mechanized by a computer—many business functions can be adequately performed by generally available rather than specially built computers—but a consideration of the problem of automatizing it does bring out two facts. The first is that to be of maximum service to business, the unique characteristics of computers and other instruments of "automation" must be



Joseph Low in the *Scientific American*

The Computing Machine of the Future Gives Birth to Its Kind

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admitted. In most cases using a new machine to do a particular job in the same way that it is now done is not using it effectively. The second is that considerably more understanding must be built up between the business man and the engineer. Although "automation" has its roots in communication theory, it would be hard to find a field in which poorer communication exists between the originators of equipment and the potential users. Computers must be designed to fill specific business needs in addition to performing high-speed general-purpose calculation.

What about the men and women who earn their living in offices? Unemployed stockbrokers can hardly be considered a serious problem, but as computers are used more generally, will the result be widespread technological unemployment? The human and social aspects of "automation" are discussed in the third and final article of this series.

WHY I SAID NO TO JOE

The "Age of Cringe" . . . *by Harvey O'Connor*

IT IS annoying, at the best, to be hauled up before the McCarthy committee, even if you have the satisfaction of telling Joe to go peddle his papers. It is somewhat sobering, later, to receive letters from fine people commending you for doing what, after all, is only a simple and rudimentary act of citizenship. Their appreciation shows how far, in recent years, we have slipped down freedom's hill.

In olden times—at least as far back as 1910, say—it was a cardinal point of Americanism that a man's politics were his own business. Now they seem to be the business of any McCarthy, Jenner, or Velde who cares to stick his nose in. If a man's home is his castle, a man's mind is his own. Many Americans seem to have forgotten this. All the more honor to a new American, Albert Einstein, for reminding us that we have a duty not to cooperate with the book-burners.

One fine summer day a person who said he was Roy Cohn of the Senate Investigating (McCarthy) Committee, telephoned me to announce that I was summoned to appear. My crime: I had written books which, this voice said, had appeared in overseas libraries of the State Department. Later I received telegrams from a person teletyped as "Joe McCarthy" which "confirmed telephonic directions." (I hope I will be pardoned for referring to the gentleman as plain, simple "Joe." That is the way he signs himself.)

I was summoned to appear in Washington on "Tuesday, July 9." As this was an improbable date for 1953, I

decided to pass it up. After Tuesday had come and gone, Joe was reported to have said that I was already "in contempt." Later he apparently revised his offhand opinion and issued the kind of subpoena which all other Congressional committees regard as the normal means for summoning witnesses.

As I was determined not to enter into a political discussion with Joe, my appearance before his committee was short and to the point. I said, in effect, "None of your business." My political affiliations, or lack of them, could be of no legitimate concern to him or his committee; that is, if our elected officials are in reality our servants and not our masters.

It is appalling that such an answer seems to be novel nowadays. Back in the 1600's in England, Catholic kings, and queens, hacked off Protestant heads, and Protestant kings, and queens, hacked off Catholic heads, because some stiff-necked people regarded their religion as their own business. Finally the English got around to agreeing that a man's religion is no business of the state. In the 1700's the agreement was extended to apply to a man's politics. This was accepted as good doctrine in the United States until a few years ago. Now it appears that we must fight to get back liberties conceded more than two centuries ago.

Of course the witch-hunters have been lurking around the corner from the earliest days. Usually the citizens had more guts than the witch-hunters. At times, however, the balance shifted, and the Joes got the upper hand. After World War I the Industrial Workers of the World put it this way: "Free speech —say anything you want to, but keep your mouth shut." Fortunately, for the wobblies this was mere irony; their free-speech fights are part of the great American tradition.

One has only to glance at labor history to see how far we have slipped. Workingmen back in the 1880's and 1890's expressed themselves with a freedom and vehemence that today, under the Smith act, would land them behind the stockades for twenty years. Gene Debs's frank speech is now astounding to a generation brought up on the desiccated pap of denatured opinion. The principles of the Declaration of Independ-

HARVEY O'CONNOR, noted labor editor and journalist, is the author of "Mellon's Millions," "The Astors," and other books.

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ence and of the Bill of Rights, which seemed fresh only a scant thirty years ago, today are suspect as being if not outright subversive at least soft-headed. Jefferson is accused of being a sentimentalist.

IF THIS IS the Age of Cringe and Scatter, let us so pronounce it. Let us time-life-fortune the Bill of Rights into the sickly wisdom of 1953; let "free enterprise" be boldly proclaimed as the ultimate in Americanism; let the Nevinses rewrite our history so that John D. Rockefeller may be exalted.

I for one refuse to believe that freedom must vanish. To paraphrase Lincoln, it is possible to scare some of the people all the time and all the people some of the time; but the current hysteria will pass, and people will marvel that so many hapless witches could have been burned for so little reason.

Take, for example, a current case. The State Department obtains the books of an author for its overseas libraries. The assumption is that royalties on these volumes are paid to the author. The further assumption, by McCarthy, is that a portion of these royalties is paid by the author to the "Communist conspiracy." Ergo.

It can be, as in my case, that no royalties whatsoever were received as a result of the State Department's acquisition of the author's books. It can be, as in my case, that none of the non-existent royalties were paid to the "Communist conspiracy." Nevertheless, one can be haled before the McCarthy committee to answer an idiotic line of questioning based on these assumptions and winding up with the clincher: When you wrote these books bought by "the old Acheson State Department" were you a member of the "Communist conspiracy"?—whatever that may be, as defined by McCarthy.

In other times it might have been a matter of pride to a writer that his books were selected by his country for overseas libraries, as an exhibit of the American way of life. But today, if Joe sees fit, this choice may be the author's open sesame to the federal penitentiary.

The excuse for this outrage is that Joe's committee is empowered to inspect the economy and efficiency with which the government's money is expended. With the budget running around eighty billion dollars a year, there may well be quite a bit of legitimate business awaiting a committee on government expenditures. Instead, Joe concerns himself with non-existent royalties on books and the non-existent percentage of these non-existent royalties paid to the "Communist conspiracy."

The medieval schoolmen are said to have indulged in similar feats of logic-chopping; one such debate on a pinhead involved the standing room of angels. Joe's involves human beings, and happy is Joe if the writer on *his* pinhead loses his contracts, loses his publisher, starves a while, and also spends some time in the hoosegow. That will teach him to write books and to assert his simple rights as a citizen.

McCARTHY, of course, is not too much concerned about writers, preachers, and other purveyors of opinion. He is busy fighting the future. If he can keep us occupied fighting for freedoms imbedded in the Constitution 160 years ago, he can keep us from examining the cause and cure of the crisis of our own times. Thus he can keep us from inspecting the rotting foundations of a system which acts as if it sees its perpetuation only through war—and the destruction of the human species.

McCarthy is busy at the moment befouling one of the finest periods of our history—the Roosevelt thirties, when people awoke with hope that they could do something to better their lot. The people's faith in their own capacity and in their own leaders must be rooted out. Then only the McCarthys will be left as leaders.

That is the real meaning of this calculated campaign of confounded and confounding idiocy. The people must stand bemused and paralyzed.

McCarthy will fail, as other demagogues have failed, if enough of us refuse to be bemused and paralyzed. If a wretched governmental bureaucrat of the McCarthy type presumes to ask us our politics, it is fitting and proper to tell him to mind his own business. If the penalty for contempt of such demagogues and loyalty to the Bill of Rights is one to twelve months in the penitentiary, then when was the chance to fight for freedom ever offered so cheaply?

DECADE 6

When the pass to the sun-drenched valley
is blocked by land mines,
When the snipers sit like deities
on the commanding hills,
Survival itself becomes the weapon
with the longest range.

Surrounded we learn the art of breathing
under water:
The sense of direction is hard, intact,
and larval,
the enemy a failure as long as we exist.

Whole peoples have waited on the doorsteps
of nations.
The Navajo thorn grows deep in the jagged heart
of the victor.
Is the city besieged or the army of the plain
besieged by the city?

The great bird of the future bristles
on the metallic nest:
Feathered in our silence, words and acts
tap on the shell,
energy is patient as a grenade.

DON GORDON

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BOOKS

Black Hate—and Red

EUROPEAN COMMUNISM. By Franz Borkenau. Harper and Brothers. $6.

By R. H. S. Crossman

ONE of the difficulties which Englishmen and Americans share today is a reluctance to face the moral problems of treason and apostasy. Even ten years ago the idea that an informer could be a popular hero or that a traitor could really be a man of moral principle seemed a contradiction in terms. In our stable democratic societies patriotism was an almost unquestioned value, and we assumed far too easily that no conflict could arise between political principle and loyalty to the state.

Alger Hiss and Chambers, Fuchs and Nunn May have changed all that. We are now beginning to realize that we live in an epoch of ideological convulsion, and that our Anglo-Saxon conscience is confronted with problems with which it is completely untrained to grapple. One way of facing these problems is to reread Shakespeare and immerse ourselves in the ethics of the Elizabethan Age. Most of the talk in England about a "new Elizabethan Age" is bunkum; yet there is one resemblance between the 1550's and the 1950's. Shakespeare, like ourselves, lived in an age of treason. Then, too, an honorable man could be faced with the choice between betraying his country and his creed, and foreign powers were ready to exploit his crisis of personal conscience for imperial ends. To our grandfathers, treason was quite simply a monstrous crime; to the Elizabethans it was the central problem of politics. Whether a political conspiracy is justified, how to conspire nobly, how to face death if the conspiracy fails—these are the questions which tormented the heroes of Shakespeare's plays, and presumably the audience in Shakespeare's theater.

In this respect, at least, we are all Elizabethans once more. There is, however, one difference between our moral problems and those of Shakespeare's audience. They were heretics and revolutionaries, defying the ideas and institutions of the medieval establishment. Our role is the reverse. The Protestants of three hundred years ago have now become the upholders of the Western Establishment, fighting against the secular heresy which challenges its very existence. The millennialism, the iconoclasm, and the sense of predestined victory which inspired and often perverted the Protestant struggle for religious freedom and national independence now impel the millions of Asia and Africa to accept Communist absolutism in the hope of attaining equality, fraternity—and, when the classless society dawns, liberty as well.

THE RESPONSE which has been evoked by this protest against the West is of two kinds. The first is strictly and fanatically anti-Communist, an attempt to confute the devil by reason and to defeat his minions by force. Those who see salvation in the extirpation of communism are reactionaries in the literal sense of the word: they are reacting against the history of the last thirty years. Most Englishmen do not share this New World dogma of counter-revolution. We realize that the victories of the great heresy spring from the corruption of our own orthodoxy—every country has the Communists it deserves. So we seek to combine the defense of the Establishment with a recognition that it must be reformed if it is to be either defensible or worth defending.

The democrat, therefore, who tries to write objectively about communism has two enemies, one the Communist and the other the anti-Communist perversion of truth. He soon discovers the difficulty and the unpopularity of objectivity in an age when academics have ceased to be neutral and Clio herself has turned politician. Once again today the propagation of the faith has become entangled with the propaganda of the prince. As in the days of Shakespeare, the state employs the clerks, usually to sanctify its use of force but sometimes to find a justification for a sudden and unexpected accommodation with the enemy. Since war—fought ostensibly for the highest principle—is once again the normal state of man, patriotism demands the unqualified acceptance of the established ideology. But the link between patriotism and personal conscience may at any moment be broken by a sudden shift of alliances, which transforms a servant of Lucifer into a vessel of God, or vice versa. The clerk must be versatile in his polemics, conforming his argument to the vicissitudes of statecraft, if he is to avoid the wrath of the secular power. Only a few intellectuals will hunt down an idea without regard for the properties and fences across which the chase will lead them. We latter-day Elizabethans share Shakespeare's ambiguous respect for the trimmer whose conviction always coincides with state interests, and also his understanding that the informer and the traitor alike can be either men of the purest personal integrity or mercenary time-servers, or both at once.

Nevertheless, it is the apostate who holds the attention of the crowd. Whether he is welcomed back into the fold as a repentant sinner or shunned as a renegade, he alone can bring news from inside the enemy camp. Because he has dwelt in outer darkness, his vision of the light is incandescent. Those of us who have never strayed across the frontier of loyalty see a distracted world through a mist of perplexity; his picture is painted in glaring black and white. We are tempted to love our enemies, sometimes a little foolishly; he burns with a resentful hatred and does not understand that we cannot denounce his old convictions and friends as dogmatically as he does because they were never *our* convictions or *our* friends.

In the eyes of the apostate the corruption of the Western establishment is not the failure of the reforming spirit but the absence of a crusading hatred. The shades of gray, as he remembers from his past life, are the colors of compromise and treachery; white and black, of total victory and defeat. Disillusioned in his millennial dreams of a classless kingdom on earth, he transfers his uncritical faith and fanaticism to the Establishment, worshiping its strength, praising its understanding of statecraft,

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and advising the prince to put his trust not in the people, who can be duped, but in his soldiers, his policemen, and his spies. The apostate, in fact, becomes an anti-Communist intellectual, and wherever he has his way, the defense of the West becomes a counter-revolution, an absolutist reaction against absolutism.

THESE REFLECTIONS have arisen from a reading of Borkenau's study of European communism. Like many Vienna Jews of the professional class, Borkenau became a Communist as a young man in the 1920's. He served for some years in the International and made the acquaintance of most of its leaders before he broke away. His book, "The Communist International," has rightly become a classic. He composed it, as Arthur Koestler composed "Darkness at Noon" and Alex Weissberg "Conspiracy of Silence," before his spiritual conflict had been resolved. Like so many Communist intellectuals, he was always a good hater, but at this time his hatreds had not become ossified into habits and mental postures. He was not yet an anti-Communist *à outrance* but—like Ruth Fischer, the author of the best work on the German Communist Party—a dissident, appalled by the discovery that Stalin had deliberately stultified the German revolution and would stultify any other revolution which failed to conform to the requirements of Russian statecraft.

There is sometimes a fortunate moment in the agony of apostasy when the ex-Communist becomes more human than those securely anchored in either orthodoxy. Revolting in the name of Communist ideals against their corruption, he still retains sufficient sympathy with his past self and one-time comrades to describe them with detachment, humility, and even humor. In this phase his writing ceases to be a mere tract for the times, transcends ideological frontiers, and becomes literature. Arthur Koestler achieved this universality when he portrayed Rubashov, intellectually defeated by his interrogator and yet rebellious, despite the defeat. Now, I suspect, he would condemn the tragic ambiguity of "Darkness at Noon" and despise Ignazio Silone for refusing to depart from a similar point of no return.

Borkenau never had the creative talent to be ranked with these great Communist apostates. In "The Communist International" and "Spanish Cockpit" he combined erudition and mordant observation with an arrogant but not unattractive detachment. Now even this quality has failed him. He set out to write a history of the Communist parties of Europe, Britain, and America from 1934 until 1945. What he has actually composed is an enormously lengthy tract in support of the thesis that every change in the Communist line outside Russia can be derived from the struggle inside the Politburo. The most useful chapters in his book are those dealing with France, where he relies on Rossi's remarkable investigations into the role of the Communists in the Popular Front and under the German occupation. For the rest, though the conclusions he draws in his final chapter are sensible enough, he reaches them by a process of reasoning which at first appals the reader and then fascinates by its familiarity. He accepts any evidence which proves his theory, but a few pages later he will be attacking the veracity of the witness on whose word he was relying. He tells us, for instance, that Woodhouse and McNeill are the two best sources for the history of Greek communism, only to assert: "Our two chief authorities agree substantially on one important point: that the Greek Communists accepted the challenge on their own, without advice from Moscow. This is downright impossible, and the fact stated by both, that no Russian intervention could be observed during the war now starting, is irrelevant to their thesis. . . . To regard such a thing as possible, not in 1941 but in 1944, at the height of Stalin's power, shows a lack of understanding of the workings of the Communist machine."

Or observe his method of dealing with the Cominform. His theory is that its creation by Zhdanov was an act of rebellion against Stalin and that when the militant policy failed, the Zhdanovites were liquidated. The evidence he provides for Stalin's disapproval is a series of articles by Varga. Since these articles were censured, one might assume that Stalin disapproved of them. But no. "There was a formal official condemnation, but Varga stuck to his guns and kept his position, a thing unthinkable had he not had support in the highest quarters. . . . But Varga's articles were only a symptom that it was now possible to attack Zhdanov openly."

Was Zhdanov attacked openly? No, that would be too simple. "Here too the evidence is not so much insufficient as intentionally misleading. . . . As always in such cases Zhadanov was obliged to sign the resolution which marked his own downfall." Where has one heard such nightmare logic before? It is, of course, the method used by the fictitious interrogator in "Darkness at Noon" and the real interrogator in "Conspiracy of Silence." They too prove their case not by testing one witness against another but by selecting, rearranging, and suppressing facts to fit an a priori assumption. As an anti-Communist, Borkenau still demands that history should conform with dogma and provide the evidence required by the public prosecutor.

IT IS impossible, then, for anyone to bring us the truth from inside the enemy camp? Not impossible, but rare. Rereading "Revolution of Destruction" and "Hitler Speaks," we realize how very little has since been added to the picture given in these two masterpieces which Rauschning wrote in the early 1930's. All the essentials are there, not only the bones but the heart of National Social-

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ism. Why was Rauschning able to do this? Perhaps the reason is that he was not a Nazi but a fellow-traveler in the Third Reich, close enough to Hitler to work with him, sufficiently detached to record truthfully what he had heard. The trouble about men such as Borkenau is that their whole personalities were committed to communism. To cut away from it involved an act of self-amputation. Like a man who has cut off his own leg, he still wakes up at night and feels the ache in his Communist toes. Apostasy rarely leaves the personality unscarred. Indeed, the renegade who changes sides for money or to save his skin may well be less damaged in the process, and therefore a more truthful witness, than someone who has wrestled with his conscience and deserted with no thought of gain. For a dedicated intellectual there is nothing more self-destroying than apostasy—except a time-serving loyalty after his belief has been destroyed.

New Books in Brief

"Difficult" Heroine

KATHERINE MANSFIELD. A Biography. By Anthony Alpers. Knopf. $5.

A new version of the pathetic story of a young writer who was already mortally ill of tuberculosis when her real reputation began. The author is a fellow New Zealander who learned his letters in the house where Miss Mansfield spent her unhappy post-adolescent years. There is considerable new material based upon documents in private hands as well as upon interviews with various persons who knew her, including the first husband whom she left after the wedding night. Mr. Alpers is a devoted admirer but does not conceal the fact that his heroine seems to have been extremely "difficult" as well as talented and unhappy.

Much of the story follows a familiar pattern: a morbidly sensitive girl born into a raw society as the daughter of a successful business man who obviously felt that fate had made him responsible for a changeling. There was the early enthusiasm for Wilde and the other decadents; a flight to London reluctantly and parsimoniously financed by the father; a thirst for "experience" complicated by narcissistic timidity; and then the final flight into unreality when the rational treatment of her disease was too confining and dull. Obviously childishly demanding of others, she accused her husband of too little concern and the strange woman friend who became her slave of too much. Mr. Alpers's picture of a terribly unhappy and terribly self-centered woman is entirely convincing. As is so often the case, the portrait of the writer is less convincing or rather, despite some relation of work to biography, almost non-existent. There is little except the fact that she did write her stories to make it seem probable that she would be capable of it. Except for this perhaps inevitable fact Mr. Alpers has done an excellent job and written a very interesting book.

Puzzles for Policy-Makers

MIDDLE EAST DILEMMAS. By J. C. Hurewitz. Published for the Council on Foreign Relations by Harper. $3.75.

This meaty and perceptive volume, based on papers prepared for a Council on Foreign Relations study group, describes "the origins and growth of American responsibilities in the Middle East within the context of the region's history and the evolving pattern of European diplomatic and power rivalry in the past century and a half." Up to March, 1947, when economic weakness forced Britain partially to abdicate its long-held role as dominant power in the Middle East, the United States had been only spasmodically concerned about the problems of this sector. Since then the danger that Soviet Russia might move in to fill a power vacuum, depriving the West of both oil reserves and vital strategic positions, has compelled this country to develop active Middle Eastern policies.

These policies have not as yet proved particularly successful except perhaps in Turkey, because, as Professor Hurewitz demonstrates, American diplomats have been baffled by a series of multi-horned dilemmas. How, for instance, are we to support the British imperial system in the Middle East—still "the West's

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greatest single strategic asset"—without alienating the Arab countries? How are we to cope with the infantile nationalism of the Arab states, united only in their hostility to Israel? How can we persuade ruling oligarchies that political and social reforms, which will require them to surrender privileges, are essential for the strengthening of their countries? By what methods can we overcome "the almost morbid inertia" that frustrates all efforts to mobilize natural resources in the region and improve living standards?

Professor Hurewitz has no pat solutions for such problems, but the light he throws on them should prove helpful to policy-makers as they grope their way along the dark passages of the Middle Eastern labyrinth.

Flashing Lyricism

POEMS OF MICHAEL DRAYTON. Edited by John Buxton. Harvard. $6.

The Muses' Library, continuing its policy of making available the works of the enduring English minor poets, has added a handsome two-volume selection from the works of Michael Drayton, and those readers who know him only as the author of the anthology piece Sonnet 61 ("Since there's no helpe, come let us kisse and part") now have a happy opportunity to enlarge the acquaintance.

There can be little doubt that Drayton is at his best in the shorter pieces, in the Sonnets and the Odes, but there is more than a simply antiquarian charm in the Histories and Epics that Drayton, like so many of his contemporaries, felt compelled to write. However ungainly the narrative elements and the machinery of these literary blimps, Drayton's lyricism flashes through time and again, delighting the reader just at the moment when he had prepared for boredom. His account of Merlin, for example, in the all but interminable Poly-Olbion, is not exactly compelling story-telling, but certainly a reader must stay with a poet who can toss into the account so rich a line as: "The world shall still be full of Merlin everywhere."

Drayton, however, was not simply a poet of flashes. Above all, he was a working poet. He wrote prodigiously and revised endlessly. The problems of an editor who sets out not only to make a selection but to verify the text are, accordingly, monumental, and John Buxton has faced them with real devotion.

I only wish the notes had been more adequate. Buxton himself senses the shortage and covers himself by quoting Dr. Johnson: "I could have written longer notes, for the art of writing notes is not of difficult attainment." Nevertheless, the general reader could profit from more guidance to Drayton's many topical, classical, and early-English references.

A Flier's Musings

THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS. By Charles A. Lindbergh. Scribner's. $5.

Lindbergh's flight to France in 1927 was one of the great exploits of modern times—a feat that set the world's imagination on fire. This is his story of the flight. It is also a queer kind of autobiography, as hour by hour during the long journey he muses upon the past, keeping awake by drawing up scene after scene from the well of memory. An absorbing story admirably told.

The Commandments Analyzed

MANDATE TO HUMANITY. By Edwin McNeill Poteat. Abington-Cokesbury. $3.75.

"An effort to discover the residuum of moral and religious idealism contained in the Decalogue, and to account for its persistence through nearly thirty centuries, and to ask whether . . . this ancient code can survive in our times." To do this the author analyzes the historical background of the Ten Commandments, and their meaning for the Israelites and for the people of today. In relating the Commandments to the needs of the modern world Dr. Poteat allows himself to broaden their original intent, but his interpretations, whether or not one agrees with them, are always provocative.

Nostalgia for the War

THE HONEYED PEACE. By Martha Gellhorn. Doubleday. $3.50.

These are ten stories, some long, others fragmentary, of life in the midst of or directly after the Second World War. The characters are international—

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Polish, German, Italian, English, French, and American. The tone is that of nostalgia for the pre-war period or the war itself, when people were united in a common cause and worked together in harmony, while the threat of destruction or sudden death was a moral and psychological stimulant. It should be added that Miss Gellhorn carries off her theme and her central mood very effectively, even if the medium she chooses and her central view of life are somewhat limited.

Her characters form a somewhat special group of emancipated souls who are now footloose and futile, who yearn even for the decadence of the past when their values seemed permanent if not typical. But what is new in her work is a note of underlying desperation, compared with what sometimes seemed, in her earlier books, to be merely a note of sophistication.

Insects and Men

THE SOCIAL INSECTS. By O. W. Richards. Philosophical Library. $4.75.

Like the insects themselves, popular books about them are numerous. This one by a reader in entomology at the University of London deserves special mention not only because it is up-to-date enough to have a brief, clear account of Von Frisch's staggering demonstration of how honey bees communicate but also because it is authoritative, exceptionally well organized, and pleasantly written in a typically English fashion. Without any talking down to the reader, there is crystal clarity and a perfect balance between specific illustration and broad generalization. Mr. Richards is also agreeably sensible on the subject of insect and human societies. Man has been social for perhaps a million years; insects for at least thirty million, and they have, therefore, quite a head start. It is just possible that when we have been at it for an equally long time we may be as drearily mechanical and as devoid of individuality as they are. Wells imagined something of the sort in "The Time Machine," but Mr. Richards is reassuring: "Such a course seems less likely now than it did fifty years ago."

CORRECTION: "Little Novels of Sicily" by Giovanni Verga is published by the Grove Press, not the "Grace" Press as stated in last week's issue.

Films

Manny Farber

"MARTIN LUTHER" is a nice, well-behaved little movie about a religious thunderbolt. The title role is played by an Irish actor named Niall MacGinnis. While he seldom suggests the phenomenal force of the Reformation leader, MacGinnis makes the most of a pugnacious face and a clever, if somewhat fancy, theatrical voice. Occasionally his eyes bulge too much and he tries to make his tones too clear and firm—as in that fateful speech which starts "Unless I am convinced by the testimony of the Scripture"; but otherwise he seems a good modest version of Luther. The rest of the movie, a Louis de Rochemont production, is interesting, since it is possibly the first religious movie to sidestep sensational violence of any kind and concern itself with items that might be used by a debating professor. The closest De Rochemont comes to conventional movie fury are a few rocks heaved through a church window and a Wittenberg bonfire scene which must be a pale duplicate of that famous incendiary attack on the papacy.

The "plot" takes the practical reformer through his decisive years, from his unexpected entrance into a monastery at Erfurt to a happier moment when the German princes have been won over to his cause and a former Bernardine nun has wooed him into marriage—according to the film Luther was the pursued. The script, by Lothar Wolff and Allan Sloane, is constructed in the bric-a-brac manner of art films like "The Titan." On a screen that often goes in for odd-angled camera shots and dark-toned compositions you are given a cultural grab-bag of every-

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thing from an etching of St. Peter's before the dome had been built to a view of the actual castle where Luther translated the Bible. When you aren't looking at lithographs, old books, the Medici coat of arms, the film offers brief reenactments of famous Lutherian moments. The whole thing is unfolded somewhat stiffly and in the manner of a packet of attached photographs.

An army of commentators—sounding like pupils of Laurence Olivier—supply the cement that holds these fragments together. When the pictures are generalized and close to cliché—two monks trudging in silhouette over rolling hills—the commentator fills in with information on, say, walking trips to Rome. When the camera man goes off on an arty excursion—a totally obscured view through foliage of the heads of some horsemen—the commentator lets you know that a friendly kidnapping is taking place in the Thuringian Forest.

In scenes emphasizing character Luther is shown as a brooding, melancholy figure struggling to find a "gracious rather than a punitive God," a practical reformer who finally arrives at the notion that ecclesiastical vestments, pilgrimages, mortifications, and so on are of no avail to the soul. Ex-Professor Pichel, the director, opens up Luther's arguments in a clear, entertaining way and works in nice touches having to do with the dialectical skill, unruffled temper, and phenomenal memory of good disputants. A typical bit of professorial humor makes an illiterate loafer the key figure in that famous moment when Luther nails the Thesis to the church door.

Any similarity between "Luther" and the religious works made by De Mille, Dieterle, Dreyer, or D. W. Griffith seems to be confined to the fact that the producer's name has the same first initial. While De Rochemont's film may be somewhat tepid as biography and motionless as a movie, it is unique in its class in that it makes its play more to the mind than to the eye.

"ISLAND IN THE SKY" is a heavy John Wayne drama revolving around an A. T. C. plane crash in the Labrador wastes. Aerial photography in shivery weather provides some thrills but not enough to make up for Wayne's dreary monologues addressed to himself, the faulty use of stereophonic sound, and the waste of some good actors like Lloyd Nolan and Bob Stell.

"99 River Street" is another energetic, semi-realistic gangster film by the group that made "Kansas City Confidential." The plot is routine, but the direction, which seems to dislike anything that smacks of the phrase "don't get excited," makes the picture worth seeing. Its worst feature is Evelyn Keyes overemoting; its best, the opening prize fight that exhibits the dexterity of actor John Payne.

Music

B. H. Haggin

ANOTHER statement by Virgil Thomson on criticism, which I read somewhere last year, was that criticism properly offered not opinion but information—the facts about a piece of music or a performance. I would say that what Thomson means by fact is really opinion. When he referred once to Mitropoulos's "Panzer division tactics" and said he had "taken over the Philharmonic-Symphony concerts like an occupying army" Thomson gave not fact but opinion—that the facts of tempo and dynamics added up to excessive tension and violence in the performance. Similarly when he wrote that Horowitz "never states a simple melody frankly. He teases it by accenting unimportant notes and diminishing his tonal volume on all the climactic ones. The only contrast to brio that he knows is the affetuoso style"—Thomson gave not fact but the opinion that the facts added up to something "musically false." And it is such opinion that criticism offers.

Roland Gelatt, in "Music-Makers" (Knopf, $3.75), doesn't even hear the facts sometimes. Faced with Landowska's gross distentions of tempo in Bach's "48," he writes that "a super-

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ficial hearing of a Landowska recording nets the impression of unflagging tempo" but "within the seemingly straightforward rhythmic pulse there are minute liberties." On the other hand, amplifying his statement that "at Prades Casals the conductor scarcely measured up to Casals the cellist," he cites the Casals rubato that was "for the cellist a subtle freedom" but "the conductor's fall from grace"; when in fact the recorded Prades orchestral performances exhibit the same powerful inflection as the cello performances, but without the latter's rubato.

But Gelatt's real deficiency as a critic is his opinions. He doesn't hear affetuoso teasing in Horowitz's performances of Schumann's "Kinderszenen" and the slower Scarlatti sonatas, but only Horowitz "whispering the poetry of a Scarlatti sonata" and playing the "Kinderszenen" with "his subtle comprehension." No surprise then that he doesn't hear Mitropoulos's excessive tension and violence, Munch's frenzies, Ormandy's vulgarities, Beecham's recent distortions of his earlier performances—nor, on the other hand, the qualities that make the Budapest Quartet more than just "one of many excellent ensembles." With a good critic one has to wonder how he happened to be wrong this time; with Gelatt one wonders how he happens to be right for once.

The "searching insight" of Horowitz's performances of the "Kinderszenen," a Scarlatti sonata, a Brahms Intermezzo convinces Gelatt that Horowitz is fully capable of playing the "non-acrobatic" music he doesn't play, which is assumed in Horowitz's explanation of why he doesn't play it. Early in his career, he says, when he played in small halls, he did play Bach and Mozart; but this music intended for the intimacy of a small room would bore the thousands of people he plays to in large halls today. So with Schubert's B flat Sonata: "It is too long, too introspective. You cannot keep the attention of five thousand people through four long movements of Schubert." As for Beethoven, in general the piano works are inferior to the orchestral works ("It's not that Beethoven's piano writing doesn't sound the way *I* want it to; it's because his writing doesn't sound the way *he* wanted it to"); and the last sonatas are for him like Cézanne's last paintings—gropings toward a new style, incomplete, and "not of sufficient listening-value . . . for recitals in large auditoriums."

But the assumption that Horowitz can play the music he doesn't play is incorrect; and the alternation of brio and affetuoso teasing that is the sum total of his playing would make Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert intolerable even to a few hundred of the thousands who, long before the Horowitz era, used to listen in Carnegie Hall to Josef Hofmann play one of the last Beethoven sonatas, and in recent years filled Hunter College Auditorium to hear Schnabel play these works and sonatas of Mozart and Schubert. And on the other hand Schnabel's performances of these works would bore even a few hundred of the thousands who attend Horowitz's recitals to be alternately excited by his super-charged virtuosity and titillated by his affetuoso teasing. The true Horowitz situation is that of a pianist and an audience on the same level of musical understanding—the level indicated by Horowitz's ideas about Beethoven.

And also his ideas about Musorgsky. The "Musorgsky Reader" is filled with contemporary statements about Musorgsky's powers as a pianist, especially in dramatically and pictorially imaginative invention; and I remember my amazement when, after years of the Ravel orchestration, I heard the original piano version of "Pictures at an Exhibition" and heard how completely achieved an imaginative creation it was. But Horowitz, says Gelatt, made his arrangement "on the principle (hardly to be controverted) that Musorgsky did not understand the piano's full potentialities"—Horowitz's and Gelatt's way of saying that Musorgsky, like Beethoven, was guilty of the inadequacy of not thinking in terms of the Horowitz fireworks. Horowitz changes only the piano "scoring," says Gelatt, whose own musical understanding doesn't extend to realizing that details like the reiterated off-beat F sharp inserted in the bass in the last ten bars of *Con mortuis*, with rhythmic and pedal effects unintended by Musorgsky, are substance, not "scoring." And the result—as monstrous as Stokowski's completion of Bach's Chaconne—Gelatt considers "Horowitz's interpretative masterpiece."

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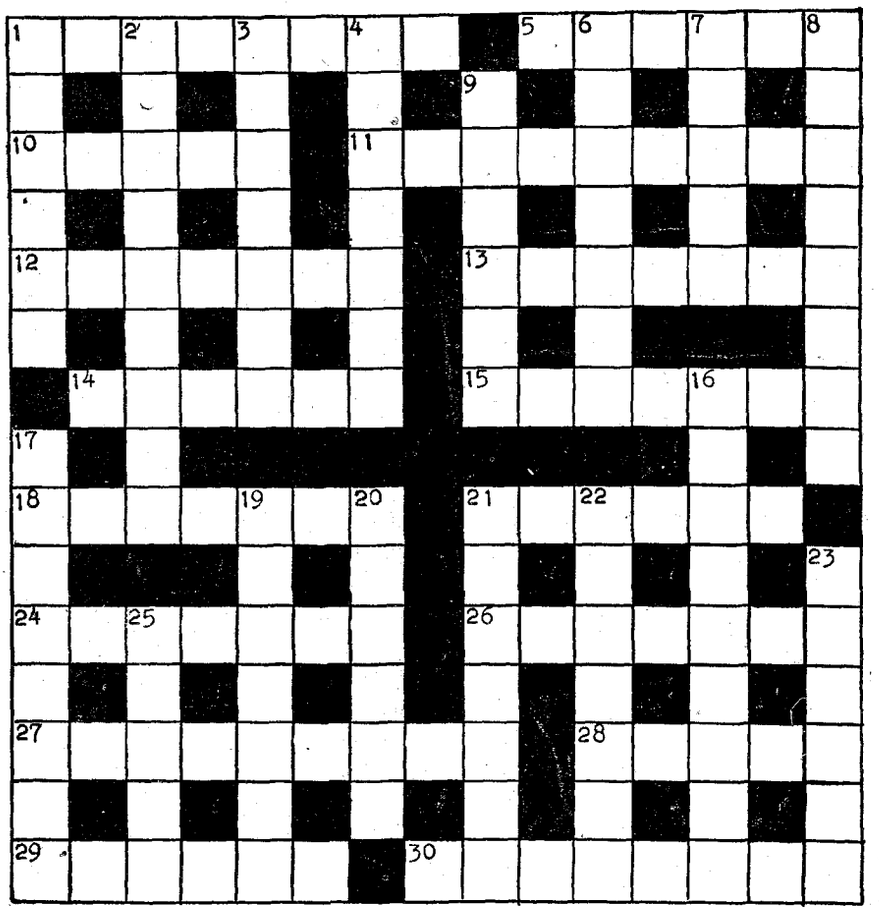
Crossword Puzzle No. 534

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 His dream was interpreted incorrectly? (8)
5 X's, alternatively a stretcher. (6)
10 This gets in your blood. (5)
11 If these hosts took note, they could have a party! (9)
12 Not regular membership fees! (7)
13 Responsible for early give-away programs. (7)
14 Look at the boil! (6)
15 A pet scheme of ours some time ago. (7)
18 Releases. (7)
21 See 25 down.
24 Does one, if the ball is let? (7)
26 Adduce. (7)
27 Her defeat was swift. (9)
28 Theban victim of patricide. (5)
29 Stable mate of the future, perhaps? (6)
30 These points were made by Wilson. (8)

DOWN

1 Asinine? (6)
2 You can tell me Eve's rib gets broken—I'll take note of it! (9)
3 Tire, as part of the car. (7)
4. Spite or retaliation. (7)
6. One of these might imply variations in games. (7)
7. Was in bad, but usually not with a city lover. (5)
8. Stages of formal speech. (8)
9. Get to be prevalent. (6)
16. One sometimes has to do it to different statements — including the bank's. (9)
17 Found along with Chinese junks? (But not originals!) (9)
19 Set up in high position. (7)
20 Guides a herd, perhaps. (6)
21 and 23 down One does on 8, if the point is debatable. (5, 2, 6)
22 Byron implied at least one sounded by night in Brussels. (7)
23 See 21 down
25 and 21 across. Hit by a Greyhound? (5-6)

• ✠ •

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 533

ACROSS:—10 and 1 FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM; 11 ERASERS; 12 ENDOPLASM; 13 DOGIE; 14 SOCIAL; 16 GRANDEUR; 19 STUNTING; 20 ADONIS; 22 LATHE; 23 IMMOLATED; 25 YUCATAN; 26 RAVELIN; 27 CARRIAGE TRADE.

DOWN:—2 ENDED; 3 EUROPEAN THEATER; 4 VULGAR; 5 STEAMERS; 6 STAND AND DELIVER; 7 EVERGREEN; 8 OFFENSES; 9 ESSE; 15 CRUSTACEA; 17 RESIDENT; 18 INSIGNIA; 21 EMERGE; 22 LAYS; 24 TILED.

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